DEVOTED TO TEMPERANCE, SCIENCE, EDUCATION, AND AGRICULTURE.

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NOTICE.

Subscribers finding the figures 12 after their name will bear in mind that their term will expire at the end of the present month. Early remittances are desirable, as there is then no loss of any numbers by the stopping of the paper.

WATCHING FOR SANTA CLAUS.

Did you ever see Santa Claus? You have seen pictures of him with his great long, frosty beard, with his overcoat as warm and comfortable as you please, with his laughing eye, his arms full of toys and goodies, and his fiery reindeers, and you have wondered how in the world he ever managed to slide down such a small stovepipe as yours to bring you the good things which fill your stockings every Christmas morning.

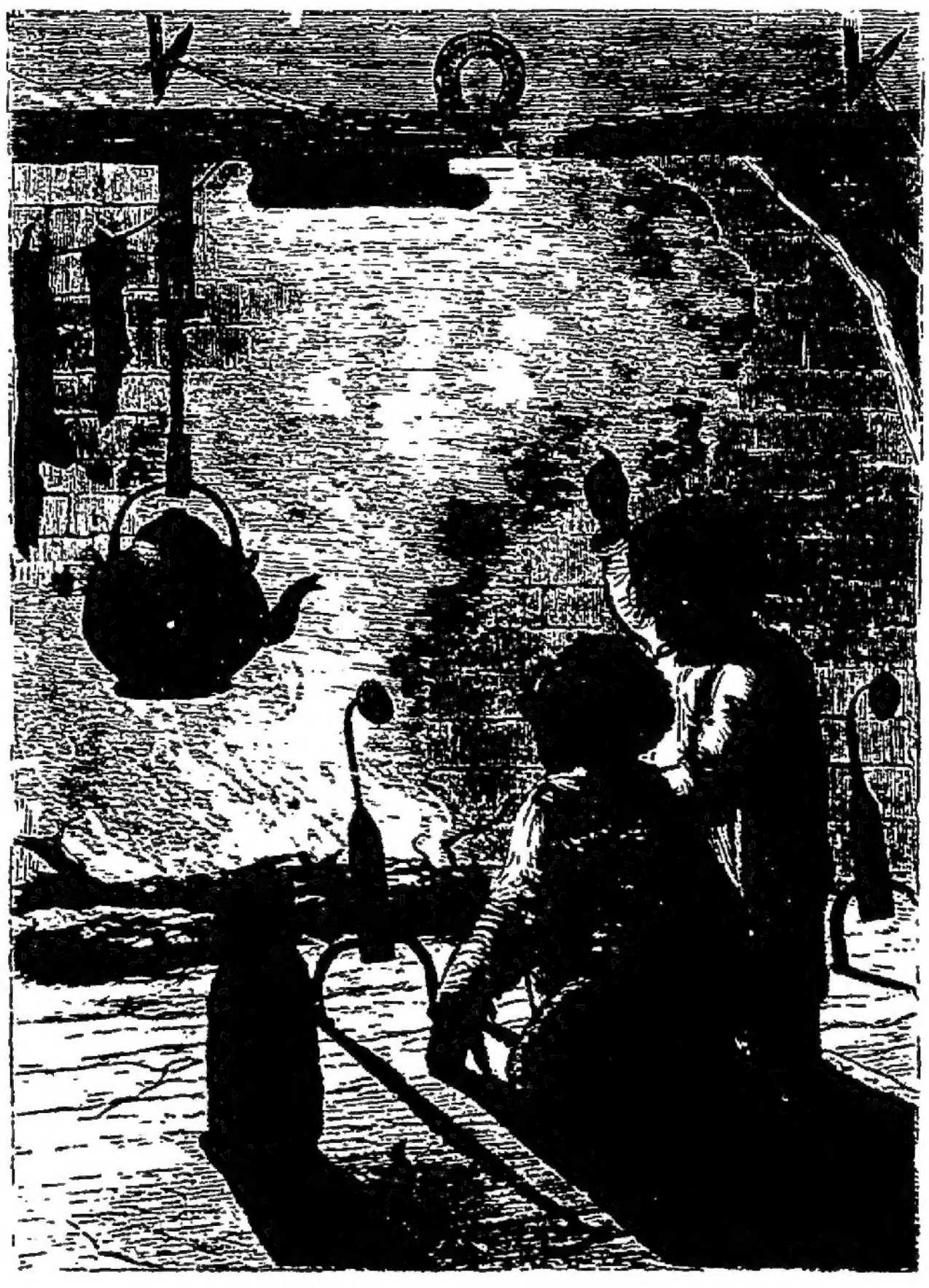
Somebody surely must have seen him, for mamma and papa, and grandmamma particularly, talk so much and so wisely about him. What stories they tell of his peculiar tricks in their younger days! and with what interest are the recitations of these stories listened to! But who ever did see Santa Claus, after all? When you wait up for him he never comes, even if you should watch all night. But then who took his photograph so as to make such nice pictures of him? Somebody must have seen him surely. But when, and how, and where?

These boys and girls in the picture are evidently determined to learn something about him from personal observation. What an expression of mystery and interest is in their countenances! If the cat should mew, wouldn't they be frightened! Indeed they would, and perhaps do as they should have done long ago if they want their stockings filled go right off to bed.

Last year Santa Claus had hard times filling the stockings that he found hanging on the tens of thousands of mantel pieces all over the country, but this year it is likely that he will be better off. Isn't it too bad that good old Santa Claus is ever poor? Such generous people should always be rich. But the time will come when all our boys and girls will know everything about old Santa, when they will be telling little ones of how he likes little boys and girls who are good with as grave a face as grandma does now. The Messenger has a wish for them then, and that is that Santa Claus will always be well off, and that the children and grand-children of this country ten, twenty, forty or a hundred years from now, will have reason to be better pleased with Santa Claus than those who are children in the year 1877.

HOW TWO LITTLE BOYS NEARLY SAW SANTA.

One Christmas eve, not very long ago either, two little boys kissed papa and mamma good-night, and climbed up-stairs to bed, fully determined to dream about Old Santa skimming along over frozen rivers and ponds with his reindeers, until he came to the city where they lived, and then going from house to house peeping through the windows and listening at the chimneys to make sure that all the little folks were fast asleep, then climbing up the side of the house by the spout, going on hands and knees along the roof to the chimney. How could he get down? So they whispered away to one another until they got tired, and after getting out of bed again to see that the stockings were in the best place, and to stretch them a little bigger if possible, they rolled over and tried to go to sleep. But it was no use, Santa Claus kept driving and creeping and dancing before their eyes, until one of them fancied he saw the jolly old fellow at the foot of the bed, and started up to find it a dream. So time went on, and they listened for some little stir in the chimney, but it was only the wind. But suddenly a little faint light shone in at the nursery door. "It wasn't the wind after all," said one, and they began to shiver, thinking they would be found out. Yes, sure enough, somebody was at the door and creeping toward the foot of the bed where the stockings were hanging. The little fellows began to tremble, first they thought, "We'll just take a peep at him." "But if he sees us he'll run away." So in a trice they bobbed their heads under the bed-clothes, and held their breath for fear of starting Santa. Then they forgot all about Christmas for a moment, until Old Father Christmas appeared in his sleigh again driving away with bundles of toys laughing and singing in time to the merry jingle of his sleigh bells. They had gone to sleep. But the first part of it was not a dream, they did see the light, and if they had looked instead of going to sleep they might have seen him; but they saw what he left, and early, early in the morning little bare feet went patter down-stairs dragging heavy stockings full of Christmas cheer, to show papa and mamma what Santa Claus brought.



WATCHING FOR SANTA CLAUS.

WHY DO WE REJOICE AT CHRISTMAS

How many boys and girls on Christmas think of the cause of their rejoicing? How many think that they are celebrating the greatest birthday in the world. It is not their father's, their mother's, their sister's, their brother's, their own, the Governor General's, the Prince of Wales or the Queen's. No, none of these, but a greater still—Christ's birthday.

—Extravagance is the key to most of our financial troubles. Every second man thought himself a millionnaire, or in a fair way to be one; and as he was so sure of the result, he did not take the precaution to wait till the matter became a fixed fact. He drew upon his fortune in advance, and it is not strange that he should wake up to find himself bankrupt. If you propose to live like a millionnaire, be sure first that you have the money in the bank. Imaginary fortunes make a poor showing on 'change or in the real world. Pay as you go, and go no further than you can pay, is a safe rule and will save a world of trouble ahead.—*Zion's Herald.*

"A Good Fellow at Bottom."—The phrase, "He is a good fellow at the bottom," may remind one of the story of a gentleman who was riding in a remote Devonshire lane, and seeing a swampy-looking place before him, called out to a rustic who was near, "I say master, is there a good firm bottom here?" "Oh, yeas, zir, that there be." He rode on, and soon plunged up to the horse's girths. "Hilloa, you rascal! didn't you tell me there was a good firm bottom?" "Soa there be, zir, when you comes to it; but you beant half ways to the bottom yet.'"—*"Archbishop Whately's Sayings."*

Temperance Department.

THE ORDERLY'S LECTURE.

"I never intend to sign any temperance pledge; it is narrow-minded and unmanly to sign away one's liberty," said Dick Lester. "I will do right because it is right, not because one time I promised not to do wrong."

His cousin Ned looked perplexed, but just then the supper-bell rang and the boys went into the house ignorant of the fact that Ned's father had heard them discussing the question of pledges. A few days after Mr. Norton called the boys to him, and asked Dick, who was the visitor, if he had ever seen a great hospital.

Dick had not, so Mr Norton said that he had intended to visit one that morning, and both he and Ned had better go with him.

We have not space to tell you how strange it seemed to them the great building with its many floors divided into wards, its wards filled with sufferers of every age, class and color.

"It makes a body feel as if most of the people in the world must be sick," whispered Dick to Ned.

"And so they are, so they are, my boy," said the attendant doctor. "I often think the Lord sends sickness upon a few, and the rest go to work to bring it on themselves. We have about one hundred incurables sent here from the male lunatic asylum," he added, turning to Mr. Norton. "They are so full there we had to take them in."

"I would like to go into that ward," said Mr. Norton, and accordingly they crossed a hall, and the doctor knocked on a heavy door. It was soon opened by an "orderly," who led the visitors into a great room perfectly bare of furniture save long wooden benches set about in the form of a square. On the benches sat seventy or eighty miserable human beings. Their heads were shaved, their garments a kind of coarse sacking, but it was their faces that shocked one most—not a gleam of hope, joy, thought, or even transient interest, in one of them! Some might have been cut from wood, so motionless they sat. A few shook with incessant silly giggling, one or two mumbled sounds without sense.

"Are they quiet indoors?" asked Mr. Norton.

"Pretty nearly so," answered the orderly. "You see that man over there with the bad head here. He was a fine scholar, I've heard—writer, and all that. Well, sometimes he has fits of terror, like, but generally it is just black melancholy softening of the brain from hard drinking. That short fellow here was picked up in the city streets about five years ago with *delirium tremens* talked Russian, or something nobody understood—and gradually lost his wits. Sometimes he mumbles nonsense in half a dozen different languages, so people say. No, the most of them would sit here all day, if I did not turn them out in the yard. There they never talk together. Give them a flower and they will chew it up likely as not. Well, it is dreadful, no mistake. They are worse off than beasts, to my thinking."

"Have you any idea what caused this condition of things with many of them?" asked Mr. Norton.

"Not knowing the history of some, we can't, of course, tell, but the doctor says, beyond a doubt, intemperance was a first cause. He knows it of many cases here. See that man over there nodding and grinning. Finest political orator in —— County once, now he can't feed himself. I tell you what it is," said the orderly, "no society hires me to turn out as a temperance lecturer, but if I was one, I could come down pretty flat-footed. I've been fifteen years serving in hospitals and asylums, and I've taken notes so to speak. My opinion is, if the rum business should dry up forever, there would be, in about a generation or two, empty asylums, empty hospitals. Buildings like these would be 'banquet-halls deserted,' and the few odd lunatics and idiots would be regular curiosities. It would be a rare day for the worthy poor and sick, too. they would get the help they can't have now."

"How strange!" said Ned. "I thought idiots were always born idiots, and craziness came on folks, like sickness, without any particular reason."

"Well, sir," said the "orderly. "I can tell you sickness and lunacy and idiocy have a pretty 'particular reason very often, and up here, where we keep a sort of receiving office for the Potter's Field, we are not too delicate to call that reason 'drink.'"

Mr Norton saw by Dick's face that he was moved by horror and disgust. He knew that these rows of staring, leering faces—those dismal, hollow-eyed creatures—had been powerful illustrations to the "orderly's" temperance lecture. When they were out again in the sweet summer air, Ned's father said "Perhaps if some of those poor wretches had not been so 'manly' when they were young, they might not be so below the level of beasts now."

"What do you mean?" asked Dick.

"If they had 'signed away their liberty' not to drink a first glass and never broken their pledge, would they have been there, do you think? Or was the 'liberty' they enjoyed when young fine enough to pay for the sort of manliness they have now?"

Neither boy said anything, but what they thought they never forgot. The orderly's lecture and his living examples made two converts to the cause of total abstinence—put two names to a temperance pledge.—*Annette L. Noble, in Temperance Banner.*

REPORT ON POPULAR NARCOTICS

READ BEFORE THE GENERAL ASSOCIATION OF CONGREGATIONAL MINISTERS AND CHURCHES, AT GLOVERSVILLE, OCT. 11, 1877, BY OVID MINER.

It is beyond doubt that existing uses of alcoholic liquors and tobacco (to which opium and one or two other drugs should be added) are seriously undermining the physical stamina, and depraving the intellectual and moral strength of our countrymen. The Christian Church is greatly hindered in her work through want of a clear and justly earnest testimony upon the whole subject of narcotic drinks and drugs.

It is our opinion that unless plans be devised for thoroughly instructing children and youth as to the pernicious effects of smoking and chewing (as well as of drinking), accompanied with wise parental repression, followed by the emphatic sanctions of Christian discipline, it is sadly probable that great numbers—some from religious families even—will be swept away by these popular habits from health, sobriety and virtue. Educational and church influences together as yet feebly restrain or reform.

Of the nature and effects of distilled and fermented liquors, forty years of public discussion have abundantly instructed those who are willing to know the truth. But of tobacco essential facts are hardly known. Professed reformers and philanthropists have generally been shy of touching the popular tobacco habit. Many Christian congregations are wont to treat proposed enquiry into the mischiefs of smoking and chewing with the same dread and dislike as was common for the general public to show on the first introduction of temperance truth and pledges years gone by.

PROPERTIES OF TOBACCO.

The United States Dispensatory (pp 800, *et seq*) instructs us that tobacco of commerce is the dried leaves of a plant of strong stupefying, penetrating odor, and of a bitter, nauseous, acrid taste. Its essential element, nicotine, is a virulent narcotine poison. "Taken moderately into the stomach, tobacco quiets restlessness, calms mental and corporeal inquietude, produces a state of general languor or repose, which has great charms for those habituated to the impression. In larger quantities it gives rise to confusion of the head, vertigo, stupor, faintness, nausea and general depression of nervous and circulatory functions, which increased, eventuate in alarming and fatal prostration."

The "Quaterly Journal of Science," quoted and evidently endorsed in the "Popular Science Monthly," of December, 1872, instructs us that "Nicotine, the essential principle of tobacco, is so deadly an alkaloid, that what is contained in one cigar, if extracted and administered in a pure state, would cause a person's speedy death. Tobacco belongs to the narcotic and exciting substances which have no food value. Its stimulating adds no vital force, but abstracts or takes it away. It involves the narcotic paralysis of a portion of the functions whose activity is essential to healthy life. Let it be clearly understood that the temporary stimulus and soothing power of tobacco are gained by destroying vital force, and that the drug contains absolutely nothing of use to the tissues of a healthy body. Nor is the poison easily expelled from the system. it remains sometimes years after persons have ceased to use the weed. Indeed, nicotine has been detected in the tissues of the lungs and liver after death."

COST OF TOBACCO.

The Internal Revenue report for the fiscal year ending June, 1876, instructs us that the Government tax on this single article for the State of New York was $7,040,985; warranting the conclusion that from thirty to forty millions of dollars are annually wasted in this commonwealth for one nauseous and hurtful indulgence, a large share of which comes from laboring classes and the poor, who, having spent their scanty earnings for tobacco and strong drink, hand over their suffering families to the pauper boards for sober industry to support.

The Internal Revenue report also informs us that the amount of Government taxation from the whole country for cigars, tobacco and snuff during 1876 was $39,796,339: The number of cigars on which duties were paid in the same period was almost two thousand millions. Adding to these one hundred and ten millions of pounds of tobacco manufactured for chewing and smoking, with what no doubt escaped the United States collectors, and we have an amount of netted losses and wastes from this tobacco indulgence of not less than two hundred and fifty millions of dollars a year. It hardly need be added that this enormous burden (which might be greatly diminished by the wise faithfulness of good men) is one chief cause of abounding pauperism and vagabondage, as well as of those sharp necessities among railway men and miners, which precipitated the recent bloody riots in several states.

TOBACCO AS A POISON.

Here some are ready to object, "Tobacco cannot be poisonous, as the books allege, since great numbers who smoke and chew, during long life, do not seem to themselves injured." To this we reply, many of these same objectors, in later years, have nervous trembling, dyspepsia, heart palpitations, dizziness, and sometimes incurable ailments, which, they are astonished to learn from medical counsel, have been caused chiefly by tobacco. Facts of this sort are frequent. It is true also, that persons of heavy, plethoric habit and such as live plainly, often perspiring from hard work in the open air, do not so soon nor so severely suffer as others. Tobacco injures native-born Americans sooner and perhaps more than Germans, those of nervous temperament and sedentary life quickest and most fatally.

There is a wonderful power in the human stomach to resist and neutralize the poison of drugs and drinks. Some can take opium for years with apparent impunity. Hungarians eat arsenic daily, and as they think without harm. It is often amid natural laws as it is under the Divine moral government: "Because sentence against an evil work is not executed speedily, therefore the heart of the sons of men is fully set in them to do evil." Nevertheless, it is as sure as fate that all these stimulants and narcotics derange the organization, and, sooner or later, strike at the life.

1. Medical authorities agree in teaching that one of the effects of smoking, soonest noticeable, is partial paralysis of the nerves distributed to the heart: whence comes hurried and enfeebled action of that organ. This induces palpitations and not seldom is a chief cause of those organic derangements ending in fatal heart disease.

2. Vertigo or dizziness of the head, caused by irregular supply of arterial blood in the brain (which the laboring heart can but intermittingly furnish), is a common result of the free use of tobacco.

3. Injury of the retina and nervous tissues of the eye is another effect. An eminent English physician states that out of thirty-seven patients suffering from *amaurosis*, (loss of sight by paralysis of the optic nerve,) twenty-three were inveterate smokers.

4. Dr Willard Parker, eminent authority of New York City, says: "It is now many years since my attention was called to the insidious, but positively destructive effects of tobacco on the human system. I have seen a great deal of its influence upon those who use it and work in it. Cigar and snuff manufacturers have come under my care in hospitals, and in private practice, and such persons cannot recover soon and in a healthy manner from cases of injury or fever. They are more apt to die in epidemics, and more prone to apoplexy and paralysis. The same is true also of those who smoke or chew much." These statements receive confirmation in Dr Stille's great work on Materia Medica. See Vol. 2, pp. 373,374.

5. That recent and very able work, "Diseases of Modern Life," by Doctor Richardson, of London (pp. 321, 322), sums up the effects of tobacco thus: "Smoking produces disturbances in the blood, causing undue fluidity and change in the red corpuscles,—in the stomach, giving rise to debility, nausea, &c.,—in the mucous membrane of the mouth,—in the heart, producing debility of that organ and irregular action;—in the organs of sense, causing in the extreme degree dilatation of the pupils of the eye, confusion of vision—with other analogous symptoms affecting the ear,—in the brain, impairing the activity of that organ, and oppressing it, if it be duly nourished, but soothing it, if it be exhausted."

7. Perhaps the worst thing to be said of tobacco is the medical testimony which follows: "The parent whose blood and secretions are saturated with tobacco, and whose brain and nervous system are semi-narcotized by it, must transmit to his child elements of a distempered body and erratic mind; a deranged condition of organic atoms, which elevates the animalism of future being at the expense of the moral and intellectual nature." And here is the law of hereditary transmission or penalty. (Exodus xx., 4, *b*, 6.) "Visiting the iniquity of the fathers upon the children, to the third and fourth generations of them that hate Me." Thus innocent ones are often made life-long sufferers by their drinking, smoking or licentious parents. And it is coming now to be farther known (what is an answer to the apologies of those who indulge their grosser appetites, on the ground that such habits do not hurt themselves, that persons inheriting good constitutions, of laborious life in the open air, will manifest for years comparatively little conscious injury for their vices—while children born to them grow up from birth, weakly, nervous, with the hereditary taints, and sometimes epileptics or imbeciles! And these known results might be inferred from the fact that tobacco chewed is quickly absorbed into the system from the mouth, deranges the action of the heart; is an energetic "depressant" of the nervous system; while habitual smoking carries the deadly nicotine through the lungs into the arterial blood, depraving the very springs of life. Were it not that mothers are generally of purer life and purer blood than fathers, these deplorable results to offspring would be far more widely manifest than now.

The subjoined resolutions were unanimously adopted by the Association at the recommendation of the Committee:

1. That the tobacco habit is an enormous evil; and that on account of its wastes of money, positive injuries to health, and pernicious example to the young, Christians ought to abandon the use, as a luxury, entirely.

2. That this Association earnestly recommend to all our churches immediate and thorough measures for instructing the people as to the manifold mischiefs flowing from the use of narcotic drugs as well as drinks; and that special efforts be made to guard children and youth from any and every use of tobacco.

3. That a copy of the preceding report be sent to the secretaries of the American Tract Society, with a request that they examine it, with a view to publishing its substance among their standard tracts.—*Christian Union.*

PASTOR, IS IT RIGHT?

BY MISS LIZZIE CILLEY.

Can you believe it right to use fermented wine at communion? This is a summary of what a F. Baptist pastor told me a few days ago. He said, "My grandfather was a drunkard, and all his love for drink, his overpowering appetite for rum, I have inherited. I have never indulged it, knowing that my only salvation was total abstinence. Before I was converted I kept away from temptation, never going, when possible to avoid it, where men drank. In the army my warfare was with the appetite, but God kept me. He called me to preach, and for years I have given all my time to his service. And I tell you truly, I have never anywhere been so strongly tempted to drink and so nearly lost, as in the pulpit, administering the communion. I have poured the wine, strong, sparkling wine, given it to the deacons, and tasted it when it set my blood on fire and made me nearly insane for more. And after my people had sung a hymn and gone out, I have rushed from the church not daring to stop lest that maddening thirst would conquer, and I should drain the winecups dry. Then would follow hours of agony, then came the victory till the next communion, when the battle must be fought again. I have seen deacons and church members who had been reclaimed from whiskey and converted to temperance, when converted to God, I have seen them gradually fall and, God forgive us' I believe the communion wine was the first downward step. God has kept me so far, but I tell you to-day, I believe it is wrong to so tempt others, to tempt myself, and in the future, I will not, I can not do it. I must refuse, utterly refuse, to administer fermented wine at communion."

Brother pastor, you may not know the temptations this man has felt. God crowns him hero of many a hard-fought battle. But your church may contain just such men. They may and they may not have given themselves this appetite for strong drink. We read, "for I the Lord thy God am a jealous God, visiting the iniquity of the fathers upon the children unto the third and fourth generation of them that hate me," etc. Jesus taught us to pray, "Lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil."

Again, pastors, can you believe it right to use fermented wine at communion?—*Morning Star.*

We must all appear before the judgment seat of Christ.

2 Cor. 5, 10.

THE ADULTERATION OF FOOD IN ENGLAND.

BY A FAMILY DOCTOR.

It is generally believed that an Act came into force about a year ago, in this country, which has to a great extent done away with adulteration and the various tricks of trade. That such an Act does exist it is true, that its provisions, and in many instances its penalties, have been carried out must be admitted, and to a certain extent good has been accomplished; but the profits to the manufacturer and trader arising from adulteration are so very great, and the risk of detection so small, that the vile work goes on almost as merrily as ever. A more stringent Act, one more easily carried out, and one the clauses of which shall be less faulty, less easy to drive a carriage and four through, will require to be brought into force before the middle classes and the poor—for it is just these who suffer the most—cease to be both pillaged and poisoned.

Morally speaking, the adulteration of food is surely very simple, and none the less of a crime because the custom is such a common one. A man who wilfully adds a non-poisonous substance to an article which he sells, for the sake of increasing its bulk or weight, and afterwards retails that to you as pure, is, it seems to me, no better than a pickpocket, and the man who adds that to his goods which shall injure the health of the partaker is certainly worse. For my own part, I would far rather deal with a baker or grocer who sold pure goods but dealt in light weights, than with one who sold me an adulterated article, giving me full measure and a little over. Rob me, if it be my fate to be robbed, but spare my health.

Yet it must be confessed that the buyers themselves are sometimes to blame for throwing temptation in the way of the tradesman. They will not pay the price for the genuine article, on the one hand; or, on the other, they prefer beauty to reality—facts, however, that do not for a moment exonerate the dishonest trader.

The profits arising from the sale of adulterated articles are, as I have already said, very large, and in many cases the only gain the retail merchant has comes from the added adulterations.

There can be no doubt that the use of adulterated food and drink greatly affects the national health, and that thousands annually owe their death to the tricks of trade. The lower orders suffer the most, although the higher do not escape. Hard indeed is the lot of the poor man who, after toiling all day, must sup at eventide on bread and tea, but harder still it is if both be adulterated, which they usually are. Poison in the cup! Poison in the cake! The alum and other foreign matters in the bread will not aid digestion.

A large number of vegetables and other impurities find their way into brown or unrefined sugar; there are sugar-mites, somewhat like cheese-mites, and vegetable fungi, and bits of sugar-cane. There is a disease well known as the grocer's itch, which is supposed by medical authorities to originate from the bites and burrowing habits of these sugar-mites. Now, sugar is certainly not an expensive item in one's dietary—the refined kind should therefore be invariably used. The impurities in some kinds of brown sugar are so disgusting as to render it entirely unfit for human consumption. Some of the cheaper kinds of white sugar are adulterated with chalk. This is insoluble in pure water, and a few drops of acid added to this will cause effervescence. Common sugar is often mixed with sand. If you take a clear, narrow glass, and dissolve some of the suspected sugar in it, you will find, if your suspicions are correct, that after it has stood for a few hours there will be a sediment.

From sugar to sugar-confectionery the transition is easy, and I beg mammas will listen, and fond, foolish old uncles too. First and foremost, let me tell you that the articles in question are not even entirely composed of sugar, but are largely adulterated with chalk, starch, and pipeclay. I don't think pipeclay can be good for little Tommy. At all events, little Tommy doesn't need it. Again, "sweets" are often "nicely" done up in colored papers, and these papers are very often dyed with poisonous colors, and Tommy, not content with eating his sweets, will persist in licking the paper.

But worse than all this, poisonous, because beautiful, pigments are very frequently made use of to color the confectionery itself. Of course, we must remember that there are harmless colors, as well as poisonous—for instance, sap green, turmeric yellow, saffron yellow, indigo blue, carmine or cochineal red, logwood or madder purple, &c.; these don't harm Tommy. Indeed, as the first-mentioned, sap green, is nothing more or less than the juice of the buckthorn-berry skilfully prepared, it might almost be submitted that at times Tommy would reap a positive benefit from a handful of sweets so colored.

But these harmless colors have the misfortune to be rather expensive; and some wicked manufacturers, reckless as regards the consequences to poor Tommy, find in poisonous pigments a cheaper substitute, and use copper and arsenic greens, lead, antimony, or arsenic yellows, ferrocyanide of iron, or copper blues, and seek their reds from lead or mercury.

Honey is "doctored" with starch, and at times with chalk or pipeclay. Jams and fruit jellies, I need hardly say, suffer greatly at the hands of the adulterators. They are not only often artificially colored, but they sometimes contain copper. This last adulteration, I ought to add, is usully unintentional, being the natural result of boiling the preserves in copper or brass saucepans—such a practice is highly to be condemned.

Now, if one could be always sure of being able to purchase good flour, there would be no difficulty in making good bread at home. I have no wish at all to be severe on bakers; they are fully as honest as any other class of tradesmen, but they are driven by the public themselves to use various ingredients for the purpose of beautifying, so to speak, the loaves they sell—the public being imbued with the insane notion that the whiter the bread is, so much the purer must it be.

Flour is adulterated with barley-meal, rice-flour, bean-flour, Indian corn, and potato-flour. Barley-meal I consider most nutritious, and the addition of the other kinds of flour to wheaten, while they may affect the purse of the purchaser, cannot really hurt his stomach. But the practice of mixing alum with the flour, in order to whiten the loaf, I consider nefarious in the extreme. Carbonate of soda is also largely used. Now, as a medical man, I shall not attempt to put it in any stronger than this: daily doses of alum or carbonate of soda produce dyspepsia, and dyspepsia is the forerunner of one-half the ills that flesh is heir to.

A flour that is heavy is usually an adulterated one, for wheaten flour is the lightest of any. A too white loaf of bread should always excite suspicion.

Milk, one of the most nutritious articles of diet, is very largely adulterated, especially in towns and cities; probably not one half is genuine. The unprincipled owner of a milk-walk, indeed, usually makes more money out of the pump-well in the corner of the dairy, than he does from the produce of all his cows put together. Now most people think that if the milk were diluted nearly one-half, it would certainly look blue and thin, and so it would, but the honest dairyman, while manfully pocketing the profits arising from the iron cow, with a thoughtfulness which does him credit, endeavors not only to suit your sight, but to please your palate. "Milk blue and thin," did you say? Bless you, he wouldn't sell such stuff for the world! and the addition of a little arnatto restores the color in a wonderful manner, and doesn't a little sugar or treacle make it taste nice? and doesn't a dash of salt bring out the flavor? Ha! no wonder you smack your lips when you taste it, and say, "I wouldn't change my milkman for all the world!"

And starch, and chalk, and sheep's brains, and turmeric, and the decoction of white carrots are sometimes found in milk, but of course these all get in quite accidentally. If milk is of a very suspicious rich color, you ought to evaporate a portion of it to a small quantity, if it get a darker yellow or yellowish red, arnatto is most likely present; if a few drops of acid render it considerably redder, there can be little doubt about the matter.

When you can buy your milk from a farmer you ought to do so. The average specific gravity of milk would seem to be about 10.30. A middle-aged cow gives the best milk, and one that is fed on pasture-land, and not too frequently milked. The morning's milk is the richest, and that from cows much in the open air is the healthiest.

The principal adulterations of butter are water, salt, curds, starch, and different kinds of fats. Place the butter in a bottle near the fire, when after some time the water will sink to the bottom, and a fair estimate of its amount may thus be formed.

No article of commerce has been more shamefully treated in the way of adulteration than tea. It is painted and faced with poisonous substances, "lie-tea," which isn't tea, but an agglomeration of all sorts of filth held together by gum, is added to it; and it is also often mixed with the leaves of the willow, the poplar, the elm, the oak, or the hawthorn. I advise my reader to obtain a few pounds at a time from a good tea house, and give a fair price for it. If it is wished to find out if there be any admixture of foreign leaves, the shape of the leaves of the trees I have mentioned must first be learned, or a few samples may be procured and pasted on paper, then take a sample from the tea-pot float them on water to make them unroll, and so compare them.

Coffee is adulterated with chicory, burnt beans, &c., and the chicory is itself mixed with roasted wheat, sawdust, and probably brick-dust. The best way to obtain really good coffee is to buy the freshly-roasted beans, and grind them at home, adding a little chicory if you like the flavor of it.

Pepper is mixed with flour, mustard, ground rice, &c., cayenne with red lead, vermilion, ground rice, and brick-dust—the latter by way of flavoring, I suppose. Anchovies seldom are anchovies. Pickles are dyed and poisoned, cheese is stained, and flavoring powders mixed with arrowroot, while for fear it should be too strong and injure the mucous membranes of customers, traders often thoughtfully reduce it with wheaten flour, and afterwards restore its color with turmeric.

Potted meats are adulterated and dangerously dyed, and tinned vegetables are often rendered beautifully green by the addition of sulphate of copper. (N. B.—Preserved vegetables ought to have an olive-green appearance—not a bright and showy green.)

It is a good plan, if you can manage it, always to deal with the best shops, and pay a fair price for the articles you want. Avoid shops that puff and pretend to undersell their neighbors. When I see a grocer retailing his goods at wholesale prices, I know that man is one of two things, he is either a wholesale rogue or a duke in disguise—a man of immense wealth and extreme generosity, who has doffed his ducal coronet, and exchanged his ermine robes for the humble, though honorable if honest, shopkeeper's apron.—*Cassell's Magazine.*

THE LATEST WONDER.—The Phonograph.—The *Scientific American* contains the first announcement of what may be the most wonderful invention of the day. Nothing could be more incredible than the likelihood of once more hearing the voice of the dead, yet the invention of the new instrument is said to render this possible hereafter. It is true that the voices are stilled, but whoever has spoken or whoever may speak into the mouthpiece of the phonograph, and whose words are recorded by it, has the assurance that his speech may be reproduced audibly in his own tones long after he himself has turned to dust. A strip of indented paper travels through a little machine, the sounds of the latter are magnified, and posterity centuries hence hear us as plainly as if we were present. Speech has become, as it were, immortal. The *Scientific American* says: "The possibilities of the future are not much more wonderful than those of the present. The orator in Boston speaks, the indented strip of paper is the tangible result, but this travels under a second machine which may connect with the telephone. Not only is the speaker heard now in San Francisco, for example, but by passing the strip again under the reproducer, he may be heard to-morrow, or next year, or next century. His speech in the first instance is recorded and transmitted simultaneously, and indefinite repetition is possible. The new invention is purely mechanical—no electricity is involved. It is a simple affair of vibrating plates, thrown into vibration by the human voice. It is crude yet, but the principle has been found, and modifications and improvements are only a matter of time. So also are its possibilities other than those already noted. Will letter-writing be a proceeding of the past? Why not, if by simply talking into a mouthpiece our speech is recorded on paper, and our correspondent can by the same paper hear us speak? Are we to have a new kind of books? There is no reason why the orations of our modern Ciceros should not be recorded and detachably bound so that we can run the indented slips through the machine, and in the quiet of our own apartments listen again, and as often as we will, to the eloquent words. Nor are we restricted to spoken words. Music may be crystallized as well. Imagine an opera or an oratorio, sung by the greatest living vocalists, thus recorded and capable of being repeated as we desire!"—*Ex.*

—Catlin taught the world the importance of shutting the mouth and breathing through the nose. It would seem that his little book, entitled "Shut Your Mouth," is bearing fruit in Germany, where new thoughts receive more attention from physicians than anywhere else in the world. Respiration by the mouth is easier than by the nose, but not so safe. The nose to a certain extent fits the air for entering the lungs. The sense of smell prevents our breathing an air loaded with poisonous vapors. The moisture of the nasal cavities to some extent saturates the air and makes it less irritating to the throat and larynx. The inequalities of the nasal passage and the hairs catch the dust before it goes far enough to harm. On the other hand, breathing through the mouth dries the throat, and in children may cause false croup, catarrh, and it may so affect the Eustachian tube as to cause injury to the ear and deafness.—*Semi-Tropical.*

DOMESTIC.

ECONOMIZING STEPS.

A large part of the wearisomeness of housework comes from the number of steps required of the housekeeper while performing it. The going up and down stairs, the vibration between the kitchen, dining-room, cellar and other parts of the house, wear out the strength quite as much as all other tasks combined. Hence such concentration of resources as will give the housekeeper the advantage of position, and the easy command of every point to be covered, is of the utmost importance. If she can find in her laundry everything necessary for washing and ironing, the work is comparatively easy. If she can find in her pantry every requisite for compounding bread, pastry, cake, and have no occasion to run here and there to get things together and put them away again, her task will seem light.

If in her sewing-room she can put her hand on everything required by the seamstress, without the perplexity and trouble of hunting up linings, thread, buttons, braid, that task will be robbed of half its weariness. But comparatively few houses have been planned with reference to this saving of steps. The majority of families have no special room fitted up as a laundry, no pantry capacious enough to contain everything a pantry should contain, no sewing-room set apart for that sole purpose and articles needed in these various industries are necessarily scattered, and kept where it is most convenient to keep them. The washing utensils are usually kept in the cellar and must be brought into the kitchen and carried back again.

The sewing-machine stands not far from the cook stove, so the woman who does her own work can have an oversight of the cooking while busy at the machine, but her materials for sewing can not all be within reach. Yet, by using her brains as much as she does her feet, she may save the latter many an unnecessary trip. If she must go down cellar for anything, let her pause a moment before starting and see if there is not something to be carried down, or if there is any errand there that may be attended to other than the special one she goes on. If she has occasion to go up-stairs, let her consider how much that is to be done she can accomplish with once going there, and so of everything else. A great deal can be done by planning work to make it easy. She who has arranged in her mind a little programme of her work, and goes at it systematically, will accomplish with half the fatigue, what, taken at random, might be entirely beyond her strength. Children can be trained so as to save their mothers' steps, and by setting and clearing away tables, putting their own toys and belongings in place, do very much to lighten the toils of their mothers.—*N. Y. Tribune*

JAPANESE METHOD OF COOKING RICE.—A letter from Japan says: "They know how to cook rice here. Only just enough cold water is poured on to prevent the rice from burning to the bottom of the pot, which has a close-fitting cover and is set on a moderate fire. The rice is steamed, rather than boiled, until it is nearly done; then the cover of the pot is taken off, the surplus steam and moisture are allowed to escape, and the rice turns out a mass of snow-white kernels, each separate from the other, and as much superior to the soggy mass we usually get in the United States as a fine mealy potato is to the water-soaked article."

LIQUID SHOE BLACKING.—The following is commended by excellent authority as giving a gloss like patent leather, bring water-proof, and not soiling ladies' white dresses. Dissolve half a pound of shellac in alcohol, it dissolves slowly, but cork the bottle well, keep in a warm place, and shake often. Then add a piece of camphor the size of a hen's egg, shake well, and after it is dissolved add one ounce of lamp-black. If the alcohol is strong enough, all will be dissolved and ready for use in two days. If it is too thick, add alcohol. It dries in five minutes, and does not make the leather hard, as it does not penetrate but remains on the surface.

A correspondent of the *English Mechanic* says: "In 1871-72 I preserved eggs so perfectly that after a lapse of six months they were mistaken when brought to the table for fresh-laid eggs, and I believe they would have kept equally good for twelve months. My mode of preservation was to varnish the eggs as soon after they were laid as possible, with a thin copal varnish, taking care that the whole of the shell was covered with the varnish. I subsequently found that by painting the eggs with fresh albumen, beaten up with a little salt, they were preserved equally as well and for as long a period. After varnishing or painting with albumen, I lay the eggs upon rough blotting paper, as I found that when allowed to rest till dry upon a plate or on the table the albumen stuck so fast to the table or plate as to take away a chip out of the shell. I pack these eggs in boxes of dry bran."

BERNARD PALISSY.

Doubtless many of the readers of the MESSENGER are familiar with the name of Palissy, the great Huguenot potter, but the story of his life may be interesting to all. In studying the character and career of a great man, the reader too frequently surveys him as the man of exploit, of fame, of fortune, and forgets that through long weary nights when the sun of patronage withheld its light, the hero trod the mazes of anxiety and poverty and was a hero then. Though born of the French peasantry, Palissy nevertheless was born into the world with the essentials of true nobility, and having been educated to the trade of glass-coloring, he devoted to it that close attention which afterward begat in him the absorbing desire to discover the hidden process which eventually gave him title to the admiration of his countrymen. He was early characterized by a marked talent for drawing and moulding, and above all, for that pure sentiment which found satisfaction in the study of Nature, and loved to revel in the beautiful diversity of plant, fossil and rock. While living with Lisette, his young wife, in the quiet town of Saintes, he became so anxious to discover the process of enamels, known only to one house which flourished in Italy, that he entered upon a struggle with poverty, disappointment and anxiety, renouncing his trade and experimenting in a rude furnace, which he had erected in his garden, upon a number of earthen pots, hoping that the application of heat might reveal at least some clue to the secret he desired. His first experiments were utter failures; but through weeks, and months, and years, the stern, heroic perseverance of his character sustained him in his fruitless toil, and at the end of eight long years, perseverance met with its merited success. Aided financially, he obtained the skill of practical workmen, and when another eight years had gone his sanguine hopes had developed into fruition, and his art became so perfect that he could imitate every color in nature. The great reformer Calvin had resided near his home, and the seed of reformation teaching, conveyed to him by several of Calvin's pupils, with whom he associated, took deep root in Palissy's heart and led him to renounce the errors of Rome, and cast in his lot with the persecuted Huguenots. The

B. PALISSY.

great success which attended his efforts in the decoration of pottery, &c., and had given him a position among the great, did not shield him altogether from the wiles of the persecutors, and he was cast into prison and *sentenced to die*. M. de Montmorencey, a nobleman of great influence, had become attached to him and had granted him liberal patronage, and wishing to deliver him repaired to the palace of the Queen-regent, Catherine de Medicis. Finding her *rapt in the project* of building a new palace to excel all others in grandeur, and to be called the Palace of Tuileries, he at once embraced his opportunity, and reminded the Queen that there was no workman cunning enough to ornament the royal grounds, excepting Palissy the Huguenot, under sentence of death. Immediately an edict issued granting a reprieve and appointing him worker in earth to His Majesty. Thus he was snatched from death, and introduced to a new sphere in the brilliance of court life. Most of his preserved specimens belong to this period, and are now found among the ornaments in the seats of wealthy old families or in national museums. We give illustrations of a celebrated dish called

THE CHARITY DISH.

"Charity," and a goblet ornamented with shells and fossils, specimens of his workmanship, now in the Louvre Museum. The strength of character which never wavered through years of disappointment had yet to abide a far more trying test. The religion which he had espoused and made his guardian principle drew upon him the curse of heresy and the awful malice of intolerance, and Palissy the aged was cast into a cell in the Bastile, where he lay for four years, cut off from human kind, with the sentence of death hanging over his head. The blazing persecutions of the intolerant forbade the King himself from releasing heretics, and noblemen and King together sought the cell of the aged Huguenot to persuade him to turn from his heresies. But with that majestic fortitude which characterized him through life he replied to all their entreaties: "I am not afraid; I know how to die." Although many different days had been appointed for his execution, the dread sentence never took effect, and the old man died at the age of eighty. The record of his life should be an inspiration to every workman now. Perserverance may not be rewarded by the patronage of the nobility, but in a good cause it will give sublimity to the character which exercises it, while the principles which Palissy maintained are the same and will enhance success, afford comfort in trial, and hope of a resurrection equally glorious.

CHARLIE'S PUZZLE.

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

There it was, as plain as print could make it, the text from which the stranger minister preached that Sunday morning in October. Charlie Thorne had gone to church, a thing he did not always do, for, unfortunately, his father and mother went only occasionally, and they let their little son follow his own inclinations. His Sunday-school teacher, however, had recently asked his class to sit with him in his pew, and quite a number of the boys had accepted the invitation, and were to be found at their place in the middle aisle, behaving like young gentlemen, every Sunday. The pastor liked to see their bright faces and eager eyes, and he always tried, somewhere in his sermon, to say a special word for those listeners to hear.

The stranger minister had not directed any part of his ser-

ORNAMENTAL FISH PLATE.

mon specially to the boys, yet they had been quite as sure it was meant for them as the older folks had been on their part. He read in Romans, 8th chapter and 28th verse: "And we know that all things work togeth[illegible] for good to them that love God, to them who are the called according to his purpose."

Things had been going very crookedly at the Thornes' house lately. Even Charlie could see that. His father looked worried and troubled, and was often very cross indeed, "almost ready to bite your head off if you speak to him," as the boy complained to his sister Sara. Mother, too, looked sad, and cried a good deal. Elsie and Fanny had stopped taking music-lessons, and Sara was trying to teach them instead of the Professor, while the last and most annoying thing of all had occurred on Saturday. The horses and carriage had been sent away to be sold, including the pony, which belonged to the boys; and as though this had not been enough, Mr. Thorne had said to Charlie and Ned:

"You boys must make the most of this term at the academy. You'll have to attend the public school after Christmas."

"Father has had heavy losses," Sara explained. "He may have to give up his business and be a clerk himself, and mother thinks that we'll be obliged to move out of this house into a smaller one on some quiet little street."

Charlie thought of it in church. "All things work together for good," he said to himself. "They are working together for bad, in our family, I think; there never was a fellow so unfortunate as I; and my pony is gone, and I'll have to go to school with all the North Side boys, and life is dreadful, dreadful!"

The good German preacher kept on talking.

"To them that love God—"

"I wonder," thought Charlie, "if we belong to them."

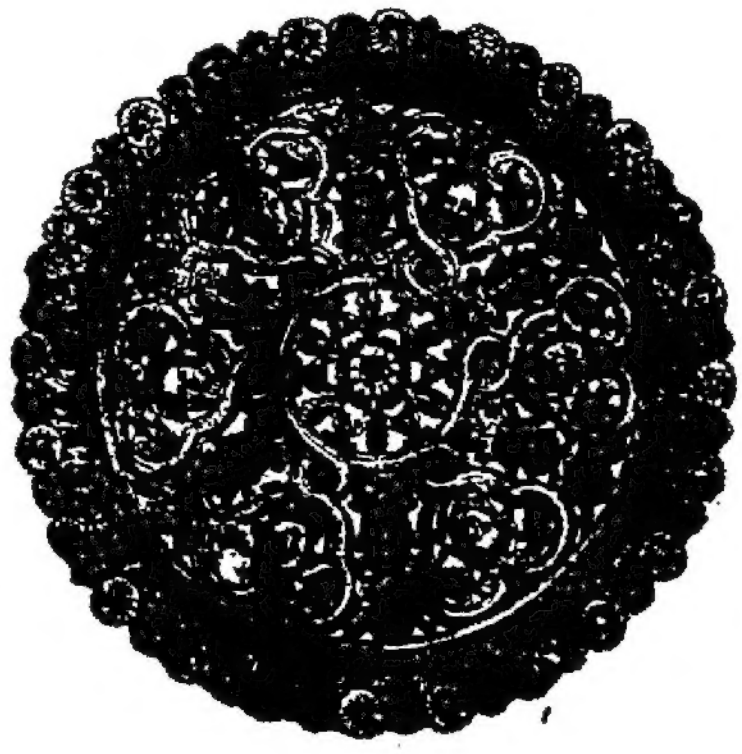
If you had asked him whether or not he loved God, he would have answered, "Why, certainly," and he had supposed that his mother and father, and the whole family, were of those who loved God. Yet now that he began to consider it, he remembered that they never prayed together in his home, as they did at Grandpa Carter's; that they never asked a blessing on their food; and that they never said their prayers in the morning, though he and Ned generally knelt down, and rattled off "Our Father" and "Now I lay me" before they went to sleep at night. His own good sense showed him very plainly that this was not the way to treat a dear Father and Friend whom they loved.

"All things do not work together for good for us," went on the whisper in the busy little brain, "because we do not love God."

Charlie Thorne, as if he had never heard it before, read and listened to this sweet and true and grand text Romans 8: 32: "He that spared not his own Son, but delivered him up for us, all, how shall he not with him also freely give us all things?"

The few sentences in which the sermon was summed up spoke of the great love of God the Father, who was willing, for enemies like us, to spare the very dearest thing he had, his only Son.

While Charlie listened, he became very glad and very sorry. Very glad because he saw, all at once, that he was a child of God, a brother to the dear Saviour who died on the cross; and very sorry because, in all his life, he had never loved him, nor praised him, nor done anything but forget all about him. You may think it strange that so much could happen to him in so short a time, but it is perfectly true. Charlie Thorne walked out of church a Christian boy. He had gone there thoughtless. He left and went home, believing with his whole heart on the Lord Jesus Christ. Such a change may take place with you, if you choose, in a moment.



BREAD PLATE.

When he reached the house, dinner was ready, and everybody had taken her or his usual seat. They were waiting for Charlie. He came in, hesitated a moment, and then said, and it was a brave thing to say:

"Father. I've heard something this morning which makes me feel that we all ought to be different here. Won't you please ask a blessing before we begin?"

His father for a moment looked vexed. Ned pursed up his mouth and gave a sort of silent whistle. Sara seemed gently surprised. The others stared. Tears gathered in the mother's eyes. She feared lest a harsh reproof should fall on her boy. But the father only said:

"Ask one yourself, Charlie, if you want to."

The little fellow did not stop or stammer. He said quite simply, but reverently,

"Dear Lord Jesus, please let all things work together for good to us, and make us all to love thee. Amen."

From that a great change came over the Thornes. Father and mother had been wandering from the fold of God. The one had been full of business and the other full of care, and they had lost the habit of going to the Throne of divine grace. But Charlie's words brought them to a better mind. The business had to be given up, and Mr. Thorne became a poor clerk. They moved out of the big, beautiful house, into a little narrow one, in an obscure street. The girls could not have new dresses, and the boys had to leave the academy. But somehow, they did not mind it. God took away these outside things, but he gave them something so very much better that they were happy and peaceful once more. The father came home at night with a smile. The mother was gay and merry. The sister was sweeter than ever. The love of the Lord was in the house, and it made ever meal a feast. Charlie's puzzle was made clear as daylight, for he saw that when things were seeming most wrong, they were really all right and working together for good, since they had learned the dear lesson of love and trust.—*S. S. Times.*

The Family Circle.

(For the Mess. senger

LABOR WEALTH AND PRIDE

Said Wealth to Pride, one pleasant morn,
While moving outward on the train,
"I think if you and I were gone,
The world would strive to move in vain"

"Your words, Sir Wealth are apt and just,"
Said Pride, "if we should cease to be,
The world would soon be strewn with rust,
Since it is moved by you and me"

Now Labor heard these boastings vain,
And laying work and tools aside,
Said he, "We'll see who moves this train,"
So down he sat by Wealth and Pride.

But Pride turned up her dainty nose
Her cousin Wealth looked somewhat black,
And now a greater trouble rose—
The train stood still upon the track

"Back to your work," cried Wealth and Pride,
Preserving soon their awkward ease,
Wealth twirled his mouth from side to side,
And Pride grew pale in the face

But not a word spoke Labor said,—
He sat like one in calm repose,
Until Wealth like a suitor plead,
And Pride let down her haughty nose.

And then with half sarcastic mien
He calmly rose and took his place,
The ponderous wheels revolved again
The train resumed its wonted pace

Now let us honor Labor more,
And bow less low to Wealth and Pride
For life's the track we're passing o'er,
The world's the train on which we ride.

S. S.

NANNIE'S GRADUATING DRESS.

BY RILA PARMAN.

Jenny (who is Nannie's sister) was in a brown study This was a pity, from a pictorial point of view since Miss Jenny was brown enough naturally, brown, with no crimson lights, no lights at all excepting the gloss on her black hair, and the sparkle in her black eyes

Jenny, all her life, had cried more or less over her sallow cheeks and swarthy brow and her brown hands, and it is not to be denied that she took her walks, and played ball, and learned gymnastics, more to get a pretty tint on her cheeks than for health or fun

And then there was her dress. Plain girls are obliged to think so much more about what they shall wear than pretty ones. For instance, Miss Jenny is before her mirror binding her braids with a pair of brand new blue ribbons. The glass reveals a cheek and neck sallower than ever before, it seems to Jenny.

"Oh, dear! I can't have selected the right shade! It doesn't become me one bit. And I shall have to keep them, and wear them, too, for I can't have new ribbons again until next winter!"

And it was as she said. One of six children, a mistake in purchasing could not be repaired And mistakes seemed to be the rule. Perhaps they are the rule with every brown complexion. Will, her brother, really had seemed to hit upon the best solution of poor Jenny's problem. It was the morning of her first appearance in her purple winter frock

"Well, I declare Jen' You'll have to give it up, or else take it out in being rather good or clever."

Jenny had laid the remark to her heart. She had tried to be both good and clever, and she succeeded pretty well, though there seemed to be the old chromatic difficulties in the way, even in those directions, for she had her bitter secret times, when she fancied that a good deal was much better appreciated in a pretty girl than a plain one, and that teachers were more willing to help the former than the latter

This was only Jenny's fancy, for her teacher had said to some of the others that "that nice little Jenny Dayton was likely to turn out as fine a student as her sister Nannie"

And the teacher to whom she was speaking said "yes," and how thankful Mrs. Dayton ought to be, that her children, so many of them as there were in the hive, were all bright, capable young creatures, who, give them an education, would make their own way in the world. How surprising Nannie was in her French! In her old gowns she had led her class from begining to end!

It was of Nannie, this prodigy in Parisian accents and French conversational nicetles, all achieved in "old gowns," that the good and clever younger Dayton, our brown Miss Jenny, was thinking.

Nannie, who was about to graduate! Nannie, whose blooming time had come, who ought to burst out like a lily or a white rose, and who had only the "old gowns" Jenny know how bitter it must be. Such a worm gnawing at the heart of the fine success! She couldn't graduate in an old gown!

This nasty "worm" had taken a nip at the peace of the whole Dayton family, for they were a loving family, a widow woman's tenderly-trained home-circle. Even Benny, aged six, felt anxious about Nannie's "white dress"

The "white dress" subject had been publicly discussed in April, for the first time—this was the beginning of the summer term, that term which was to close with the graduating exercises. To be sure, many times during the last year, Nannie and her mother had spoken together of the matter. But now it had come time to seriously consider it, with a view to action. This morning, Mrs. Dayton had found Nannie behind the pantry door, ostensibly cutting the bread, but really crying.

"That graduating dress, you know," Nannie had said. "Mother, it seems impossible. I must have it someway, and, yet, how can I? And how can I do without it?"

Fair blonde Nannie looked well in anything her black silk or her calicos. And, feeling this, Mrs. Dayton asked anxiously:

"My dear, you couldn't wear your white piqué with a new sash and gloves—you couldn't, could you?"

"No, mother, I couldn't," said Nannie. "That is the one thing I couldn't do. I couldn't seem to dress like them, and still have it evident I was a cheap imitation, a cotton lace affair, you know I could easier wear my black silk, and linen collar and cuffs, with my street boots, and no gloves. Oh! I'd much rather! Mother, maybe I can do that. I will if I can. Oh, I wish I could!"

Mrs. Dayton shook her head.

"I wish you could, Nannie. But of course, you can't. I don't, indeed, know why you can't, but you can't."

They were at the breakfast table now, and the whole family were interested.

"What a nasty state of things!" said Ned. Ned was the oldest brother, a year younger than Nannie herself. "What a nasty state of things, I say, that girl can't wear anything she has a mind for. Nan, I *would* wear my black silk—it's no end sweet with rosebuds, you know, and I'll buy you them myself. Come, now I'll be all the same next day. A fellow would do it in a minute."

Fanny smiled at him through tears, her eyes were the big soft violet kind, and, with rosebuds might carry off any sort of costume

"Poor Ned!" she said. "You just wait until you are in college, and your graduating time comes, I've read horrors about 'class expenses.'"

"Hang such school follies, then," said Will, another brother.

"I agree with you, dear," said Nannie. "These graduating suits must make trouble for other girls than me. When I teach, I shall throw my influence against the practice. Teachers could. I shall just crusade!"

"What is it you've got to have, anyhow?" asked Ned. "A white dress, I suppose"

"Yes," said Nannie, "but not the simple school-girl muslin with blue ribbons that you read of in story-books The class has it's own dressmaker. Miss Bebe is to make all the suits, and just the making is eighteen dollars each."

Ned gave a long whistle, and Mrs. Dayton sighed.

"Then," said Nannie, "there are sashes, and white kids and white slippers, and 'class handkerchiefs,' and 'class rings,' and 'class photographs' And there are the flowers, besides, and the class have decided to have a hairdresser to do our hair, and we are all to be at Mrs. Knights to have it done, and there is to be a carriage to take us in our full dress, two at a time, and that will be another expense. Oh, it's no use, I never can!"

"I declare, Sis, I don't see how you can, myself," said Ned. His cheeks were a manly red, and his eyes sought hers sympathetically. I said a manly red, because it would have been simply boyish to have whistled, and left the room, and the trouble behind, in it.

"Back out! I would!" said Will stoutly.

"She can't" said Jenny "She's the one that's going to read the valedictory poem, and she must be there, and she ought to look the very nicest of anybody."

"Well, and so she will, no matter what she wears," said Will.

It was so genuine that Nannie laughed.

"Well, if so much is settled, it's enough for one sitting. Let us dismiss the whole wretched thing for to-day. I would like to 'back out,' as Will proposed. Miss Lent said that sometimes girls at the Normal School left before the end of the course, and sacrificed their diplomas, just because they could not meet the graduating expenses. I think it's wicked, wicked!"

But here Nannie checked herself. It was Saturday. No school. She went off to do the chamberwork. Jenny heard her humming the "class song."

"Oh, ever and ever, on and on
While there's a duty still to be done.
While there's a height yet to be won."

And Jenny wondered whether just now the "duty" and "height" could lie in the endeavor that the white costumes be lovelier than those of the last graduating class. Poor Nannie! it must be so hard. Jenny felt it all, though there were four years between her and all such troubles, and she laid down her grammar wearily.

"Oh, I do wish I could help her!" she sighed. Suddenly she dropped her head. As suddenly she lifted it again. The little brown face glowed with a dull, unlovely red. No, she didn't look like a heroine, and even from her words you would hardly guess at the heroism. "I would help her with mine! I would, I would!"

And, tightly clasping her brown hands, Jenny bravely put away the poor little dream about her next dress. She had enough now to buy it, almost. It was to be a green dress.

"Green is becoming to everything," she had reasoned. "The worst old things out of doors don't look bad when they are grown over with grass and leaves. I can take the hint! I believe lonely girls ought to wear green."

Poor, morbid, little, brown Jenny!

And now she was about to give up the green gown for Nannie!

"I don't believe but what we could, all of us together, so," said Jenny. She had gone to her drawer, and now was counting her bills and laying them aside—a pathetic little sacrificial pile. A long time had those bills been in accumulating; they meant a ribbon foregone, the old cloak worn through the winter, and many careful patchings, darnings. There was quite enough now to buy the shoeny green poplin, or enough to pay for the making of Nannie's graduating dress. Dear Nannie! The faster the tears of self-denial fell, the dearer Nannie grew—one of the sweet mysteries of loving.

Ned was at work among his mother's window-box flowers. "Ned," said a voice at his elbow "Ned, you remember you was going 'camping out'?"

"Well, yes, I believe I do remember something of the sort. What of it?"

"Ned, isn't there anything you would rather do? Think, Ned."

"What do you mean?" But looking around he caught the high, intense look on Jenny's good, brown face, and saw the black eyes swimming in tears.

She dropped her head against his arm. "Why, Ned,—Nannie! Don't you see? Don't you know what the money could do for her? I am going to, Ned."

Ned went red and white by turns, for the next five minutes. He did see. It was a big moment, but he was equal to it His bright sister left a prey to mortification and disgrace! Yes, Ned himself felt it would be a disgrace if Nannie shouldn't have a graduating suit—a family disgrace, a public disgrace.

"I wished I could help her bear it," he said to himself. "Here's the chance,—I will!" He took out his pocket-book and gave all the money there was in it, just twenty dollars. It, too, had been accumulating for a year. A flush of pain, deep as Jenny's own a few moments ago, went with the giving. Poor fellow!

He crowded the money almost roughly into Jenny's hands. "Here, take it and get away with it! I might be sneak enough to repent."

"I took all mine first, Ned," Jenny said tremulingly. "And, Ned, I don't think you will be sorry. We couldn't let Nannie be humbled."

But Ned was walking away. Of course "Nannie couldn't be humbled." She wasn't going to be. He had done his utmost to save her from it. But don't ask him further, just now. It was bitter, bitter!

Jenny went in. Mrs. Dayton was moulding bread in the kitchen. Jenny shut all the doors before she spoke. "Mother, you have some money towards Nannie's things?"

"A mere drop in the bucket, dear,—six dollars. Enough for the sash and gloves perhaps."

"And don't you think perhaps Nannie has a little herself?"

"She may have a dollar or two, and she may not. Why?"

Jenny laid her bills down on the moulding board. Mrs. Dayton was bewildered. "Ned and me, mother,—he would rather, than to 'camp out,' and I would rather than anything else in the world."

Mrs Dayton found it a trial to accept it even for Nannie. She took the bills reluctantly and stood pondering.

"Is it enough, mother?"

Mrs. Dayton thought it was.

And then Jenny ran away—to cry. She was glad, so glad, but she cried all the same. Of course. And I fear Ned was somewhere with tears in his eyes. He would have given the money again, a dozen times—but, oh, why need it have been necessary! Why couldn't Nan have worn her neat black silk and left him his pleasures? Tears, yes! Mrs. Dayton's eyes were brimming with moisture when she went up stairs to Nannie; and before she said ten words Nannie was crying as hard as ever she could cry.

"Oh, I can't I can't, take it! Why, mother, it is Jenny's best dress for next fall, and it is Ned's vacation! How can I parade upon the stage knowing what my fine clothes cost! They will hate me—they ought to hate such a selfish girl! I will not do it!"

But she did. Her mother reasoned with her that her brother and sister would a thousand times prefer to give up their little pleasures, than see her so conspicuously mortified.

"You would never feel quite the same again toward life, Nannie," she said. "It would destroy all the pleasant memories of your school-days. Take it, dear; you will be able to make it up to Ned and Jenny, I am very sure."

Red eyes met around the dinner table; but in the afternoon Nannie set off, quite light-hearted, to call upon some of the girls, and the class got together and went down to Miss Bebe's and were "measured."

Nannie was very lovely indeed at the graduating exercises. Ned and Jenny did feel them, if not before, that they "would a thousand times prefer."

But it must be added that the vision of the "sweet girl graduates" was not quite so compensating to Ned in the hot summer vacation which followed. For, without money he could no more go up country with the fellows than Nan could graduate without her dress. He felt "so mean" to abandon the excursion he himself had proposed. "And it all was so useless, so needless!" he ground out between his teeth more than once, fingering his fishing tackle and caressing his rifle under the hot roof of his chamber.

And Nannie, sighing with the breathless heat of the twilight, said one night, "Ned, do you know the money spent on that graduating suit would have taken Jen and you and me all into the woods for a whole week? What a shame! Yes, what a shame!"

"Oh, never mind," said Ned. "You have the suit you know."

"The suit—I hate it! Where can I ever wear it? I'm not likely to go to parties, and where else could I wear that elaborate gown and those white shoes? Only think, how the whole family was robbed to get it!"

"Never mind, Nan," says Ned again, this time less bitterly.

But Nannie means to "mind." She begins as a teacher in September, and she has vowed three vows. One is to buy dear Jenny a ravishing suit of brown and crimson—how shocking that the child meant to have a green one! The second is that the whole family shall keep house in the woods next summer until they are tired of it. And the third is to crusade uncompromisingly against "Graduating Dresses."

DICK RADCLIFFE'S LESSON.

BY CELIA WARREN.

"Sugar and spice and everything nice," quoth Amy Radcliffe, as suiting her actions to her words, she sprinkled first one, then another of those goodies over the slices of apple in the deep, tin plates. Next, the upper crust must go on. Mamma did that. But Amy had not finished yet. The final ornamentation was always left for her. And she did it very deftly and quickly too.

"There, mamma! I am all done," and with her last dish put back in place, the small cook perched herself on the window-sill.

"Hurrah!" rang out a boy's voice—happy and clear—but even a mother must acknowledge its low-piercing qualities "Mother, they are going to have the picnic to-morrow. What can I take? I can go, of course? Sandwiches and boiled eggs wouldn't be bad, would they? That can be my share, can't it?"

"Give me time to speak, Dick, and I will answer your question," Mrs. Radcliffe replied, smiling into the dark, bright face, eagerly upturned to hers.

"Yes, you can go. I am glad they're to have it, for you have been anticipating it long. But isn't Amy asked?"

"Why—yes. I forgot," was the reply.

"Oh! I'm so glad," the owner of that name cried, clapping her hands with delight, as she spoke. "Isn't it nice?"

"Well—I don't know about that." her brother reflectively said.

"Why, Dick! What do you mean?" questioned his mother in a surprised voice. "Don't you want Amy to go?"

"Yes—but you see, mamma, girls are such a bother. They're always crying over every little thing." Dick hesitated a moment, but his mother said nothing, and he continued: "I shall have to look out for her, and I can't have any fun at all."

"I don't want you to. I can take care of myself," began Amy. But the glad light had all gone from her eyes.

"Oh, of course I will," replied Dick, not very graciously.

Several little acts had of late shown Mrs. Radcliffe that though her son's heart was all right, his thoughtlessness was *doing* harm both to himself and others. She know full well that he would be sorry for his careless words, but being sorry does little good, provided the repentance is not deep enough to prevent a re-occurrence of the words or act.

The next day proved a chosen one, perfect in all the mellow warmth of a September morning. The children, awake early, were up and dressed in the shortest possible time.

The spot selected for the day's affair was several miles away, of course, for then there would be the ride to and from. With close packing, which was all the more fun, one old waggon managed to hold the party.

Almost too soon, they reached their destination. But it was a pretty spot, by the border of a pond, and after all, it was a relief to run around and stretch one's self. The baskets were all given in charge of the elders, and the children had nothing to do but to amuse themselves and be in readiness when help was wanted to make the fires, which meant—ah! fried potatoes!

And you may be sure they were all in readiness. In the course of an hour a little bell sounded, which brought—yes, I think every one, to the scene of the pastoral feast which was to be. Finally, everything was in readiness, and such a jolly time as they had! They were very hungry, and the lunch was delicious; so justice was done to the viands I assure you.

"Do you see those pies?" a voice enquired of several around him, nodding toward some which by their excellence would scarcely have escaped observation. "Let me tell you something Don't you eat them. Say 'No' when you're asked. Amy made them."

Surprisedly, and rather dejectedly, those within hearing obeyed. "No, thank you;" "No, thank you," was uttered several times. Amy looked slightly puzzled. Nearly everyone liked apple-pies, and these surely were nice. The refusals were not very flattering to her cooking, though of course they were ignorant that she made them. Just then, glancing across the table, she saw a certain expression on her brother's face. She knew who had set the ball rolling.

As soon as Amy saw what the matter was, her face flushed, and she hung her head as though she had done something to be ashamed of. She was hurt. It troubled her, and took away all pleasure for the rest of the meal. Well, after every appetite was satisfied, and in spite of the numerous insects which always attend a picnic, the feast enjoyed, the company gathered together and played games, told stories, and some who had brought books, found most comfortable lounging-places in the hollows of gnarled old oaks, whose wide-spreading roots formed very good armchairs.

Among the latter was Amy, who had quite forgotten her grievances, buried as she was in the most interesting part of a wonderful fairy tale.

Dick had been playing with the others, but every now and then, his eyes wandered to where his sister was sitting. Finally, he sauntered over to her.

"I say, Amy," exclaimed he, "don't you want a row?"

Amy looked up from her book. She was fond of the water.

"We must ask if we can go," having quickly assented to her brother's proposition.

Dick agreed, and permission was given them, for the water was very smooth; Dick could manage a boat very well for a small boy, and with the promise given to keep in sight, they went in search of the boat. The ease with which it was found showed that Master Dick's eyes had rested on it before in his rambles.

"It is so good of you to take me," said Amy, gratefully, as Dick rested for a moment on his oars.

"Pooh! that's all right," replied Dick, a trifle embarrassed by his sister's gratitude. "Want those pond lilies?" Just discernible, over the other side of the pond, Amy saw the lovely fragrant flowers. So the boat made its way across the glistening water.

"Let me pick them," said Amy, reaching over the boat-side as she spoke.

"No—I will: because you might fall in," answered her brother.

"Why, no! won't."

"Yes you might. Now, Amy, you let me get them for you"

"It's half the fun to pick them," urged Amy.

"Well, go ahead then," was uttered in rather a cross tone.

Amy picked several. After all it wasn't so very much fun The boat tipped a little. "Oh!" she cried.

"What's the matter?" questioned her brother.

Amy said nothing, but did not lean so far over the side again.

Presently came another lurch—then another—and then a frightened cry of "Dick! Dick! don't!"

"Why not?" enquired her tormentor, continuing his sport.

"You'll upset us! You'll upset us," screamed Amy. "Stop!"

But instead of stopping, Dick rocked the boat more and more. In her fright, Amy had risen. The rocking, the glare upon the water, was making her very faint and dizzy.

"Sit down. Don't make such a fuss," cried Dick. "What a baby you are."

But as he spoke the face opposite him became very white—there was a slight swaying of the girlish figure—and in another moment he was the only occupant of the boat!

Fright paralyzed him for a second. But as Amy rose to the surface he clutched her dress, and with all his strength, succeeded in dragging the lifeless figure into the boat. Somehow, he rowed back to the shore. They laid her on the grass, and tried every means to bring her back to consciousness, and at length they were rewarded. Color crept into the pale face, and the blue eyes slowly opened.

"Amy, Amy!" and Dick sobbed aloud in utter thankfulness. Not even Amy's smile, and feebly uttered "Don't cry, Dick," could stem his tears, as he pictured what might have been. They carried her to a farm-house near by, and while her clothes were drying, put her to bed. It was the best thing they could have done, for she awoke much refreshed.

"Yes, my dear, it was indeed a lesson," said Mrs. Radcliffe that night, when Dick penitently told her all. "I felt that sooner or later, such a one would come to you—and now that it has, I hope it will not be forgotten. For awhile you will remember it—but that will not do. I want the thought of this day to enter your mind whenever that evil genius called "torment" speaks to you. Amy is very sensitive. It would be much better for her were she not so. It is a misfortune, but one not to be remedied by any past method of yours. Scarcely no two people can be treated quite alike. I do not expect, my boy, that you will have the tact of an older person. But you are old enough, wise enough, and at heart, I know good enough, not to intentionally inflict a wound. Tact, like all other qualities, good or bad, increases with years. But it springs from kind thoughtfulness, and delicate consideration for the happiness and feelings of others. Few people are born wholly without this, though they may possess but little. Carelessness and lack of cultivation, however, often kill that little. So be careful, my son, always remembering that as much evil is wrought in this world by want of thought, as by want of heart."—*Watchman*

ASCENT OF MOUNT ARARAT.

Prof. James Bryce, of Oxford, has accomplished the difficult feat of ascending Mt. Ararat. This has been done several times before, the most recent ascent having been made in 1856. The *Spectator* thus condenses his account of the afternoon climb and of the few moments when he stood on the summit:

"The hours were wearing on; a night upon the mountain would probably mean death to the brave man (whose clothing was insufficient even for the day-time, for his overcoat had been stolen on a Russian railway); the decision had to be quickly taken. He decided for the snow-basin, retraced his steps from the precipice, climbed into the basin along the border of a treacherous ice-slope, and attacked the friable rocks, so rotten that neither feet nor hands could get firm hold, floundering pitiably, because too tired for a rush. All the way up this rock-slope, where the strong sulphureous smell led Mr. Bryce to hope he should find some trace of an eruptive vent, it was so 'delightfully volcanic,' but where he only found lumps of minerals and a piece of gypsum with fine crystals, he was constantly gazing at the upper end of the toilsome road for signs of crags or snow-fields above. But a soft mist-curtain hung there, where the snow seemed to begin, and who could tell what lay beyond? The solitude must indeed have been awful then, for everything like certainty and calculation had ceased. Only one hour was before him now; at its end he must turn back,—if, indeed, his strength could hold out for that other hour. He struggled on up the crumbling rocks, now to the right, now to the left, as the foothold looked a little firmer on either side, until suddenly the rock-slope came to an end, and he stepped out upon the almost level snow at the top of it into the clouds, into the teeth of the strong west wind, into cold so great that an icicle enveloped the lower half of his face at once, and did not melt until four hours afterwards. He tightened in his loose light coat with a Spanish neck-scarf, and walked straight on over the snow, following the rise, seeing only about thirty yards ahead of him, in the thick mist. Time was flying; if the invisible summit of the Mountain of the Ark were indeed far off now, if this gentle rise stretched on and on, that summit must remain unseen by him who had dared and done so great a feat that he might look from its sacred eminence. He trailed the point of the ice-axe in the soft snow, to mark the backward track; for there was no longer any landmark,—all was cloud on every side. Suddenly he felt with amazement that the ground was falling away to the north, and he stood still.

"A puff of the west wind drove away the mists on the opposite side to that by which he had come, and his eyes rested on the Paradise plain, at an abysmal depth below. The solitary traveller stood on the top of Mount Ararat, with the history of the world spread beneath his gaze, and all around him a scene which reduced that history to pigmy proportions, and man himself to infinite littleness, a landscape which is now what it was before man crept forth on the earth, the mountains which stand about the valleys as they stood when the volcanic fires that piled them up were long ago extinguished.' His vision ranged over the vast expanse within whose bounds are the chain of the Caucasus, dimly made out, but Kazbek, Elbrus and the mountains of Daghestan visible, with the line of the Caspian Sea upon the horizon; to the north, the huge extinct volcano of Ala Goz, whose three peaks enclose a snow-patched crater, the dim plain of Erivan, with the silver river winding through it; westward, the Taurus ranges; and north-west, the upper valley of the Araxes, to be traced as far as Ani, the ancient capital of the Armenian kingdom; the great Russian fortress of Alexandropol, and the hill where Kars stands—peaceful enough when the brave climber looked out upon this wonderful spectacle. While it was growing upon him, not indeed in magnificence, but in comprehensibility, 'while the eye was still unsatisfied with gazing,' the mist curtain dropped, enfolded him, and shut him up alone with the awful mountain-top. 'The awe that fell upon me,' he says, 'with the sense of utter loneliness, made time pass unnoticed, and I might have lingered long in a sort of dream, had not the piercing cold that thrilled through every limb recalled me to a sense of the risks delay might involve.' Only four hours of daylight remained, the thick mist was an added danger, the ice-axe marks were his only guide, for the compass is useless on a volcanic mountain like Ararat, with iron in the rocks. The descent was made in safety, but by the time Mr. Bryce came in sight of the spot, yet far off, where his friend had halted, the sun had got behind the south-western ridge of the mountain, and his gigantic shadow had fallen across the great Araxes plain below; while the red mountains of Media, far to the south-east, still glowed redder than ever, then turned swiftly to splendid purple in the dying light.' At six o'clock he reached the bivouac, and rejoined his friend, who must have looked with strange feelings into the eyes which had looked upon such wondrous sights since sunrise. Three days later, Mr. Bryce was at the Armenian monastery of Etchmiadzin, near the northern foot of Ararat, and was presented to the archimandrite who rules the house. 'This Englishman,' said the Armenian gentleman who was acting as interpreter, 'says he has ascended to the top of Massis' (Ararat). The venerable man smiled sweetly, and replied with gentle decisiveness, 'That cannot be. No one has ever been there. It is impossible.'"

MORBID SELF-EXAMINATION.

The counsel to self-examination which Paul gives is, we fear, sadly perverted. "There are," observed Isaac Taylor, "anatomists of piety who destroy all the freshness of faith and hope and charity, by immersing themselves day and night in the infected atmosphere of their own bosoms." This language seems strong, but we have no doubt of its substantial truthfulness, or that right here lies the secret of the spiritual unrest and unhealthfulness with which the lives of real Christians are often saddened and enfeebled. The exhortations of the apostle, taken in the true sense, have reference to that self-examination which sits in judgment upon our lives as represented in acts and purposes. It is an entire perversion of Scripture precepts to spend our time in morbid inspection of moods and emotions. Feeling is undoubtedly to a certain extent symptomatic of our spiritual condition. But it is by no means a sure index. The subtle operations of our emotional natures often defy the analysis of the skilled observer. Much less trustworthy are the conclusions of the religious dyspeptic who is always feeling his own spiritual pulse, and is morbidly suspicious of the state of his spiritual digestion.

True piety leads us out of and away from ourselves. It is brought into most lively exercise by looking unto Jesus and not to self. It is the result of attraction without, and not of commotion within. It is expansive and outgoing, and not the recoil of the soul upon its own narrow life. It does not make even happiness its primary end and aim. Christ and his commands are the single aim, and happiness comes as an incident to that aim.

We do not, of course, intend to discourage self-examination in any true sense. The law of God demands the strictest and most constant scrutiny of our own lives and motives. But just as in the physical disease, we may go either to the extreme of undue confidence in certain fallacious evidences of convalescence, and thus be lulled into fatal security while the malady is left unchecked to do its insidious work, or on the other hand we may be led into a morbid watchfulness of moods and feelings and ill-understood symptoms. Both are errors. What we need is the appropriate medicine. So with the disease of sin. Feelings and symptoms may deceive us. Christ will not. The Great Physician is unfailing. "There is a balm in Gilead." There is healing nowhere else. So long, then, as self-examination leads us away from self and into Christ it is healthful. Whatever carries us out of our own narrow purposes into active union with him in whom our lives are hid, is in the appointed road that leads to spiritual soundness. But God in his Word gives no sanction either to that spiritual self-confidence or spiritual hypochondria which comes from a morbid and misguided study of our own hearts and emotions. Duty is definite. Feeling rests upon a thousand contingencies. There is no need of mistaking the one. There is abundant reason for distrusting the other Trusting in emotions saves no one. Trusting in Christ is the one condition of absolute safety and eternal peace.—*London Baptist.*

SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

XXXI.

Faith shall be swallowed up in sight,
Hope in fulfilment end,
When on our twilight life the light
Of heaven shall descend.

A sweeter grace to these, more great,
Shall brighten when they wane,
O let us more and more to this,
Even in this life, attain!

The initials of the following will give the name of this most excellent grace:

1. The grandmother of Timothy.
2. The good servant of a wicked king, who kept one hundred prophets of the Lord from the vengeance of the queen.
3. A queen who resisted her husband's command, and was deposed.
4. A good man, but a bad father

XXXII.

The father of the first artificer in brass and iron.
The man who said, "I thy servant fear the Lord from my youth."
The wise man's estimate of earthly pleasure.
The place where David slew Goliath.
Rehoboam's successor.
The people who stole the oxen of Job.
Herod's chamberlain.
The city where Jehu was anointed king.
The kingdom of Chedorlaomer.
Paul's amanuensis when he wrote the Epistle to the Romans.
The mother of Adonijah.
The wife of Mahlon.
The name of the altar that was built by the children of Reuben and Gad.
The younger son of Bilhah.

XXXIII.

My *first* enjoins a watchful care,
To see and shun each lurking snare,
With earnest and unceasing prayer.

My *second* speaks a kingdom mine,
Where life and peace and joy divine
In uncorrupted glory shine.

My *third* would contradict my first,
'Tis watchful earnestness reversed,
By careless, prayerless folly nursed.

Faith is my *fourth*, of things not seen
While on the word of truth we lean,
Though clouds and darkness intervene

These several subjects find in turn,
And as their primal signs you learn,
My *whole* in figure you discern.

This type of Jesus, and His saints
Their living, fruitful union paints,
And patient love that never faints.

SCHOLARS' NOTES.

(From the International Lessons for 1877, by Edwin W. Rice, as issued by American Sunday-School Union.)

LESSON XXVI.

DECEMBER 23.]

PAUL'S LAST WORDS. (About 68 A.D.)

READ 2 Tim iv 1-8. RECITE vs. 6-8.

DAILY READINGS.—*M.*—Rev. xx. 6-15. *T.*—2 Cor v. *W.*—1 Tim i. 4-20 *Th.*—2 Pet. i 4-16 *F.*—Isa. xxv. 1-9. *Sa.*—Rev. ii. 10-29 *S.*—2 Tim. iv 1-8.

GOLDEN TEXT.—I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course I have kept the faith —2 Tim. iv. 7.

CENTRAL TRUTH.—Christ's servants are faithful unto death

CONNECTED HISTORY.—After two years' imprisonment at Rome (Acts xxviii. 30), Paul is supposed to have been released; perhaps visited Spain; wrote the Epistle to Titus, the First to Timothy, and perhaps that to the Hebrews, made a circuit among the churches, was again arrested, sent to Rome; tried and beheaded. Only a little time before his martyrdom he wrote his Second Epistle to Timothy, which contains his last recorded words

TO THE SCHOLAR.—Having learned so much about the apostle Paul during the lessons of the last six months, make up your mind to study his writings as opportunity offers, to imitate his example and to strive for "the crown."

NOTE.—*Timothy* It is supposed that he was at Ephesus when Paul wrote his Second Epistle to him. from Rome, in the summer of A D 68. Tradition says that he was the *first bishop of Ephesus*, and suffered martyrdom for his faith under Domitian

EXPLANATIONS AND QUESTIONS.

LESSON TOPICS.—(I.) PAUL'S CHARGE TO TIMOTHY (II.) PAUL'S WORK AND REWARD.

I. PAUL'S CHARGE TO TIMOTHY. (1.) IN THE SIGHT, Acts x 42; 1 Pet iv. 5; THE QUICK, the living, HIS APPEARING, his second advent, Matt. xxiv. 30, Acts i 11, Rev. i 7 (2.) PREACH, proclaim as a herald, THE WORD, God's word of salvation, not human speculations, 1 Cor. ix. 16, BE INSTANT, urgent; IN SEASON, OUT OF SEASON, at all times, whether convenient or inconvenient, whether favorable or not, DOCTRINE, teaching of the gospel. (3.) WILL COME, hence be diligent now, THEY, professed Christians; THEIR OWN LUSTS, their own desires instead of God's teachings, compare 1 Kings xii 30, 31; HEAP, multiplying one upon another, ITCHING EARS, longing to be tickled by new sensations. (5.) WATCH THOU, in view of the apostasy; AN EVANGELIST, missionary preacher and teacher, MAKE FULL PROOF, fulfil all its duties. Rom. xv. 19; Col. iv. 17

I. QUESTIONS.—Give an outline of Paul's life between his first and second imprisonment. When and where did he write his Second Epistle to Timothy? Before whom did he give Timothy this solemn charge? Who shall be the final Judge? What was Timothy to preach? On what occasions? How to apply it? What apostasy did Paul predict? What kind of teachers would be chosen? What would they refuse to hear? To what turn? State the four things Timothy is charged to do, v. 5.

II. PAUL'S WORK AND REWARD. (6.) READY TO BE OFFERED, am already being poured out as a libation, DEPARTURE, from this world, death, Phil. i. 23. (7.) FOUGHT A GOOD FIGHT, striven a good strife, FINISHED MY COURSE, reached the goal; the figures are taken from the Grecian games, KEPT THE FAITH, committed to me as an apostle, chap. i. 14; Rev. ii. 10, iii. 10, A CROWN, 1 Pet. v. 4; Matt. xxi. 27; GIVE ME, award to me; THAT LOVE, have loved and longed for his second coming, Col. iii 4; Titus ii. 13.

II. QUESTIONS.—What did Paul say of his death? In regard to his past life, how did he assert his Christian courage? His perseverance? His faithfulness? For what reward was he hoping? By whom given? At what time? Was that "crown" for Paul alone? What others will receive one? Are you hoping for the crown? Are you striving for it in the right way?

What does this lesson teach us as to—

(1.) The need of special watchfulness against apostasy?

(2.) The way we must live in order to meet death willingly?

(3.) The reward which will be given to the faithful Christian?

LESSON XXVII.

DECEMBER 30.]

REVIEW.

TIME—58 to 68 A.D.

PLACES—Cæsarea, Jerusalem, Melita, Rome.

DAILY READINGS.—*M.*—Acts xxi. 8-40. *T.*—Acts xxii. *W.*—Acts xxiii 10-35. *Th.*—Acts xxv. *F.*—Acts xxvi. 1-29. *Sa.*—Acts xxvii. 20-44. *S.*—Acts xxviii. 16-31.

GOLDEN TEXT.—I count all things but loss for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus my Lord—Phil. iii. 8.

CENTRAL TRUTH.—He that loses all for Christ gains all

(It is, of course, desirable that every scholar should acquire some knowledge of the persons and places mentioned; but for the quickness and profit of the Review Exercise, it may be well to assign beforehand to some of the most apt pupils the more important persons and places, and let them rise and give an account of them when the name first recurs in the exercise.)

PLAN FOR REVIEW.—The last twelve lessons have all centred about the apostle Paul Indeed, his name appears in the title of every lesson, with two exceptions. It will be found helpful to group the lessons about the several places in which the incidents occurred, and to put them clearly before the eyes of all upon the blackboard, thus:

I. PAUL AT CÆSAREA (on the way to Jerusalem), Lesson XV.
II. PAUL AT JERUSALEM, Lessons XVI., XVII XVIII.
III. PAUL AT CÆSAREA (as a prisoner), Lessons XIX., XX., XXI.
IV. PAUL ON THE WAY TO ROME, Lessons XXII., XXIII., XXIV.
V. PAUL AT ROME, Lessons XXV., XXVI

I. PAUL AT CÆSAREA (on the way to Jerusalem)

Describe Cæsarea. By whose family was Paul entertained there? What did Agabus do with Paul's girdle? To signify what? The effect upon the disciples? Paul's resolution?

II. PAUL AT JERUSALEM

For what purpose was Paul in the temple? By whom was he assailed? What reason did they give? How was he saved from being beaten to death? What request did he make of the chief captain? State the result

PAUL AND THE BIGOTED JEWS.—Were facing each other where? What commission had he received from the Lord? How? The feeling of the Jews when he declared this? How did Paul save himself from being scourged? Before what tribunal was he brought?

PAUL BEFORE THE COUNCIL.—For what purpose? His rebuke of Ananias? The two parties in the council? The doctrine of the Pharisees? Of the Sadducees? *Paul's rescue? His vision of the Lord?*

III. PAUL AT CÆSAREA (as a prisoner).

PAUL BEFORE FELIX.—Accused by whom? Upon what three charges? How did he meet the charge of heresy? His account of the assault upon him? The indecision of Felix? How was he affected by Paul's preaching?

PAUL BEFORE AGRIPPA.—Under what circumstances? His confession of the persecution of Christians? His conversion? Commission to preach? Obedience to the heavenly vision?

ALMOST PERSUADED.—Who was in this condition? How did Paul declare that he had preached? With what did Festus charge him? State Paul's reply. His appeal to King Agrippa. Agrippa's reply. Paul's desire for him and for all who heard.

IV. PAUL ON THE WAY TO ROME.

PAUL IN THE STORM.—Upon what voyage? By what wind was the ship caught? Where driven? How did they strengthen the ship? How did they lighten it? What made them despair? How did Paul encourage them?

THE DELIVERANCE.—Was for whose sake? How did he persuade them to take food? The number in the ship? Result when the ship grounded? The soldiers' counsel? The escape to land?

PAUL AT MELITA.—Which indicates what island? The reception by the Islanders? Paul and the viper? The conclusion of the natives? Paul's works of healing?

V. PAUL AT ROME.

PAUL AT ROME.—In what custody? His interview with the chief Jews? His explanation of his arrest? Their reception of the gospel? Salvation sent to whom? Paul's employment for two years?

COMING IN WITH THE NEW YEAR.

With the Christmas number the term subscribed for by a large portion of the readers of the NORTHERN MESSENGER ends for the present, and the time for renewing begins We would not like to lose a single one of our readers, but on the contrary would be rejoiced to welcome every one at the beginning of 1878. All will acknowledge, we think, that during the year the MESSENGER has greatly improved in beauty of appearance. This improvement we do not intend to be merely temporary, but are looking forward to the time when the MESSENGER will be much more attractive in appearance and contents than now. This will be more possible with one hundred thousand subscribers than with half that number, which we now have. To ensure this great increase we have determined to give a present of value, to every reader of the MESSENGER. The "Campaign Map of Canada," showing the advance of prohibitory legislation in Canada. The map will be lithographed in two colors, the counties, township and towns which passed the Dunkin or other prohibitory act being colored pink. This map will be a good one, containing the counties and towns, rivers, lakes, &c., of Canada distinctly indicated. Such a map is worth as much as the price of the MESSENGER, and can only be given away because of the immense number printed. One will be sent with every paper, whether to Sunday-schools or not. Those who have seen the design say that it will be the best argument for prohibition yet issued. In anticipation of it we ask every subscriber to renew their subscriptions for the New Year so that they may have a copy, and once more we would ask our readers to assist us to make the circulation at the beginning of 1878 one hundred thousand. They will remember that twice before the request was asked and granted; we therefore have confidence in asking it again.

CAMPAIGN NOTES.

TWELVE SKATES, so far this year, is the largest number that has been sent away in any one day to those who have remitted us the amount required to earn them. That was not a bad day's work, but we certainly expect to have many days when much larger numbers of skates and prizes will be sent to our workers. As soon as the skating begins the boys and girls will work a good deal harder than they did before, and skates from the WITNESS Office will be quite common throughout the country.

THE NEW PRIZES offered in this number will please many of our little folks who did not care about skates. They will find quite a variety, and we would be pleased to send to every reader of the MESSENGER one of these prizes. In working for the prizes they should remember that a copy of the Campaign Map of Canada mentioned above is to be sent free to every subscriber.

EPPS'S COCOA—GRATEFUL AND COMFORTING.

"By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well-selected cocoa, Mr. Epps has provided our breakfast tables with a delicately flavored beverage which may save us many heavy doctors' bills. It is by the judicious use of such articles of diet that a constitution may be gradually built up until strong enough to resist every tendency to disease. Hundreds of subtle maladies are floating around us ready to attack wherever there is a weak point. We may escape many a fatal shaft by keeping ourselves well fortified with pure blood and a properly nourished frame."—*Civil Service Gazette.*—Sold only in Packets labelled—"JAMES EPPS & Co., Homœopathic Chemists, London, Eng.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

SUPPLEMENTARY

PRIZE LIST.

We have received letters from a few workers saying that they do not care about the Skates, are not anxious for a cash commission and would like some other prize One little girl tells us that there is not a pond within ten miles of her place, and a gentleman that he has but one leg, and therefore the skates would not suit. On the presumption that there are others somewhat similarly situated, the following supplementary prize list (which, in every case, gives the worker the advantage of the wholesale price of the goods mentioned) is submitted.

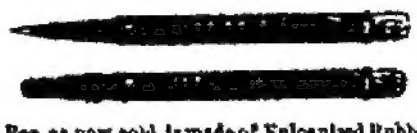
A GENUINE SILVER HUNTING-CASE

WALTHAM WATCH, Plain-Jewelled.

and commonly retailed at $20 A good time-keeper.

One of these very popular Watches will be sent to every person sending in $60 in new subscriptions to the WITNESS PUBLICATIONS.

THE MACKINNON PEN.

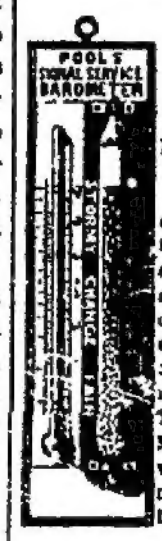


This Pen, as now sold, is made of Vulcanized Rubber and Metals that cannot corrode in the strongest acids. It looks like a Pencil Case ornamented with gold; but combines ink, inkstand pen and pencil in one. When not in use ink cannot escape; but when the point touches the paper a valve is opened and ink at once flows to suit the writer. This Pen is always ready, neat and handsome, and as clean to carry in the vest pocket as a penknife. There is nothing about it to wear out; and it is claimed to be, without exception, the handiest, most economical and most durable Pen in the world. The regular retail price at the Montreal Book-Room is $4. This Pen will be sent to the address of anyone who sends in $15 in new subscriptions to the WITNESS PUBLICATIONS.

FOR GIRLS ONLY.

GOLD AND JEWELLED RINGS.

This is a present exclusively for girls (little or grown-up), and for those who intend to present the prize to their lady friends. The Gold Keeper shown in the centre of the engraving retails at $2, and will be mailed to anyone sending us $5 in new subscriptions to the WITNESS PUBLICATIONS. The Gold Ring with eight pearls and five stones retails at $4; it will be mailed to anyone who sends $10 in new subscriptions to the WITNESS PUBLICATIONS. The Gold Ring with three pearls and six stones retails at $3; it will be mailed to anyone sending $13 in new subscriptions to the WITNESS PUBLICATIONS If the competitors prefer they can obtain rings of greater value on equally advantageous terms. For example, if they send $50 in new subscriptions, they would receive by return mail a ring which they would have to pay $20 for at any retail store; and such a ring would be a pretty good one. A lady in sending for any of these rings should send a piece of paper or thread the size of her finger, so that one to fit may be obtained.



THE GREAT

WEATHER INDICATOR

FOR FARMERS.

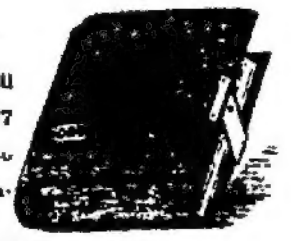
Pool's Signal Service Barometer.

This Barometer is of very early invention and will detect and indicate any change in the weather twelve to forty-eight hours in advance. It tells what kind of storm is approaching and from what quarter it comes. Many farmers plan their work according to its predictions. There is an accurate thermometer attached, which alone is worth the price of the combination. This is sold retail by the General Agents, Messrs. Ostell & Co, Montreal, for $2. One will be sent to every person sending $6 in new subscriptions to the WITNESS PUBLICATIONS.

A Handsome

PHOTOGRAPH ALBUM

which retails at $2.25 will be mailed to all who send $7 in new subscriptions to the WITNESS PUBLICATIONS.



FUN FOR THE WINTER EVENINGS.

A MAGIC LANTERN with twelve slides will be mailed to all who send $10 in new subscriptions to the WITNESS PUBLICATIONS.

THE MENTAL PHOTOGRAPH ALBUM

is an interesting, instructive and amusing novelty. It is an Album for confessions of Taste, Habits and Convictions. Besides containing a place for the photographs of your friends, answers are demanded and space given for replies to such questions as the following: *Your Favorite Color? Amusement? Name? Clergyman? Author? What Book, not religious, would you part with last? Your Distinguishing Characteristic? What trait do you most detest in Man or Woman? The Sublimest Passion? &c., &c.* There is also room for the physical photographs of your friends. This Album affords an endless fund of amusement. It is sold at the Montreal Book Room for $2.50, and will be mailed to any sending in $5 in new subscriptions to the WITNESS PUBLICATIONS.

The WITNESS PUBLICATIONS are: The DAILY WITNESS, price $3.00; the WEEKLY WITNESS, price $1.10; the NEW DOMINION MONTHLY, price $2.00, the MESSENGER, price 30c.; the AURORA, price $1.00.

GENERAL DIRECTIONS.

DO NOT FORGET THEM!

Every letter must be marked "In competition," or otherwise express the intention to compete for one or more of these prizes.

No names are entered on our subscription lists unless the money accompanies the order.

You can obtain sample copies, directions for working and any other information at any time by writing to

JOHN DOUGALL & SON,
WITNESS OFFICE, MONTREAL.

THE CLUB RATES FOR THE MESSENGER are, when sent to one address, as follows:—1 copy, 30c.; 10 copies, $2.50; 25 copies, $6; 50 copies, $11.50; 100 copies, $22; 1,000 copies, $200. J. DOUGALL & SON, Publishers, Montreal.

THE WEEKLY WITNESS.—A PAPER FOR EVERYBODY.—Price $1.10 per year including postage. It contains a first-class News Department, a first-class Commercial Department, a first-class Agricultural Department a very popular Home Department, a Religious Department full of vital interest; a Young Folks' Department that will not only amuse but instruct; Sermons by the best preachers in Canada and the world over; Reports of important conventions. Everybody wants a good paper and all should have the Montreal WEEKLY WITNESS. Price $1.10, postage included. JOHN DOUGALL & SON, Publishers, Montreal.

NOW READY, VENNOR'S ALMANAC FOR 1878. It tells you how to Foretell Weather by the Clouds, by Cats, by the Sun, by Flies, Spiders, Worms, and Bees by the Rainbow, by the Sunrise, by the Dawn, by the Moon, by Dust, by Cats, by Frost, by Tortoises, and other objects in nature. It also treats of Mr. Vennor's Predictions, Meteorological Instruments, Earthquakes, Review of the Year 1877. Price 20c. For sale at all Booksellers Copies mailed free of postage for 20c by the publishers JOHN DOUGALL & SON, Montreal.

"WE ARE GLAD TO OBSERVE THE CONSTANT improvements that are being made in this excellent periodical—(NEW DOMINION MONTHLY). The publishers announce that it will be still further enlarged next year, and several new features added. The circulation is rapidly increasing, and it promises to be one of the best and cheapest magazines to be had."—Advertiser, Owen Sound.

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